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Summary: Hiccup's father's off on a raid, leaving him alone with his mother on a cold night. A cute drabble for Mother's Day, dedicated to my mom! R&R Please! XD

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"I like it so much better when it's just you and me..."

"But don't you miss your Daddy, little Viking?"

"Yeah, but, you're so much more fun!"

"I am now?"

>"Yeah! When it's just us, we have tickle fights, and draw pictures, and tell stories, and play tag, and-"<p>

"Like this?"

Valhalarama leaned down, and began to tickle her son with no mercy. Many said she was the bravest mother on all of Berk. No one else would raise a son like Hiccup. No one sane, that is.

"Exactly!" the small boy exclaimed, trying to push his mother away.

"Shut that boy up!" someone yelled.

Val pulled away from the screaming boy.

"Hiccup, it's night time. People are asleep."

"Oh, sorry."

The boy hung his head.

"I guess my name suits..."

"Why's that?"

"It means useless..."

"What? Who told you that?"

"Snotlout. He said that Daddy could tell that I would be useless even when I was a baby.."

"No Sweetie," Val assured, taking the small boys head in her hands, making him look her in the eyes, "It means mistake."

"oh."

"That didn't help, did it?"

"Feelin' the love..." the small boy said sarcastically, pulling away from his mother, and pushing his reddish-brown hair out of his eyes.

"It was a good mistake."

"How are mistakes good?"

"Well, the good ones are like surprises. You don't know when they're gonna come, and when they do, it's perfect."

Val hugged Hiccup until he thought he would pass out.

"You like surprises, don't you, little Viking?" she asked.

"Yeah!"

"Do you know how much I love you?"

"uh... a lot?"

"Well, how much do you love surprises?"

"A gazillion bunches!"

"I love you ten times more than that."

"Really?"

"Really."

She patted her son on the back.

"We need to go in. It's getting cold..."

"You won't go in with out me, will you?" came a booming voice.

"Stoick!" Val exclaimed, turning around and hugging her husband.

"Daddy!" Hiccup shouted in delight, as he raced to his father, and squeezed in the middle of his two hugging parents.

"Hi there, little man," Stoick said, in almost a question. He was never good with kids.

"I had the best time with Mommy! We had a tickle-fight for two hours! Then we drew dragons, and told stories! It was-"

"Isn't it past your bed time?"

"... maybe a little..."

Val slung Hiccup over her shoulder.

"I got 'em," she assured Stoick as she made her way into their house, and up to Hiccups room.

Without much effort, she threw the boy into his bed, literally.

"Mommy?"

"Yes, little Viking?"

"I had fun today."

"I did too,"

"Can we do that next time Daddy goes away too?"

" Maybe, Sweetie, maybe."

